Sell your Waste Paper TO Lendrums

THE LARGEST WASTE PAPER BUYERS IN THE WORLD THEREFORE THE BEST MARKET.

Write or 'Phone

LENDRUM, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE
3, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.
Telephone: Central 2702 (3 lines).

It will never fail you! The "J.B." Pen. Coupon on Page 10.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 638. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Lipton's for QUALITY.

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World

Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V.

LIPTON LTD., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C. 1.

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C OST LITTLE.

E XCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

L IGHT AND DAINTY.

D EPENDABLE QUALITY.

A SK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

Steele's Adv Serv.

MORE ABOUT MERTONS

Fill in this **ORDER FORM** and hand it to your newsagent for

"The NATIONAL NEWS."

Please reserve "The National News" for me each Sunday.

Name.....

Address.....

UP AGAIN! ANOTHER 10,000 JUMP THIS WEEK.

THE

National News

CIRCULATION IS NOW MORE THAN 140,000 WEEKLY.

It is owned by Odhams Limited—the Publishers of JOHN BULL.

If you cannot obtain "The National News" regularly, write to the Publisher, 92, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

THE ONLY **1d.** Sunday Newspaper.

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia. Oval. Cork-tipped.

1/4 for 20
Also in boxes of 50 & 100

For the Pipe
Spinet
Kit-2oz Mixture

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON

WHITELEY'S KILDARE CLUB **CYCLES**

NO EXTRA CHARGE for MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Ready for Immediate Delivery.

GENT.'S CYCLES

24 in. Frames *only*. Dunlop Co.'s Edinboro' Tyres, Roller Lever Brakes, Perry Chain, Coventry Free Wheel, 3-Coil Saddle.

£10 : 10 : 0 Or 12 Payments of 17/6

If fitted with Dunlop Co.'s Warwick Tyres and Eadie Coaster, Back-Pedalling Brake.

£12 : 12 : 0 Or 12 Payments of 21/-

For Cash with Order we give, Free of Charge, Bell, Pump, Bag and Tools.

WM. WHITELEY, Ltd., Queen's Road, London, W.2.

What about the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than any other Institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are at home, overseas, on board ship, in billets, hospital, barracks and follows you round wherever you go.

Post this coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., International Buildings, 71, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Please send me your free booklet giving full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mechanical Engineer	—Business Training
—Draughtsmanship	—Secretaryship
—Electrical Engineer	—Salesmanship
—Architecture	—Advertising
—Marine Engineer	—Window Dressing
—Steam Engineer	—Motor Engineer
—Civil Engineer	—Textile
—Boiler-Making	—Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above list write it here:—

.....

NAME

.....

ADDRESS

.....

Meat Dinners every day

Send out *now* for a pound tin of Ex-Ox; get down your cookery-book, and you'll realise how EASY it is to provide a substantial dinner—every day—that is nutritious, full of meat value, and economical.

Ex-Ox

"The Strength of the Ox."

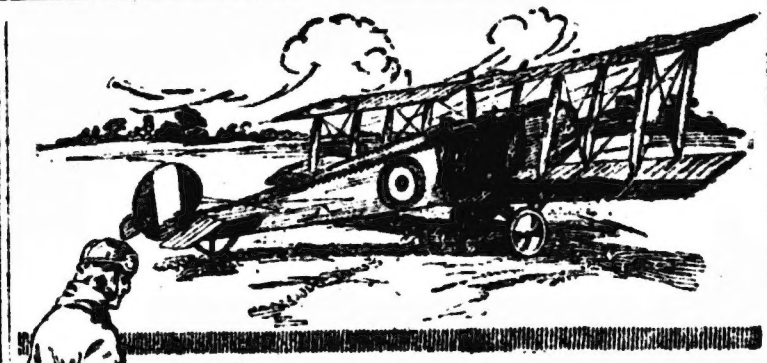
The Extra Ration

Excellent for culinary use—in soups, rissoles, fritters, "cutlets," etc., with the addition of breadcrumbs or vegetables. For Household use, and for Restaurants, Communal Kitchens, Canteens, etc., we strongly recommend the 1-lb. tins, which are particularly economical, containing 8 times the tubes' contents.

Sold in 1-lb. tins, 5/-; also in vest pocket hygienic pure tin tubes at 1/-

Grocers and Provision Dealers Everywhere.

Manufactured by The Ex-Ox Co., Islington, Liverpool.



Have a piece?

Before Flying.

DELECTA WATFORD CHOCOLATE is the ideal emergency ration for flying men.

Its rare delicious flavour appeals to all, and its sustaining qualities enable one to perform long feats of endurance without fatigue.

It is more than a sweetmeat, it is an actual food, it satisfies hunger, it steadies the nerves and provides the body with warmth.

A very large proportion of the output of Delectaland is put aside for our fighting men, but limited supplies are now available at many confectioners.

Delecta WATFORD

CHOCOLATE

MADE IN DELECTALAND.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD.

Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products,

DELECTALAND, WATFORD, Eng.

469

LADIES' FARM BOOTS

Style No. 180.—Stout Grain Leather Upper, High Leg, stout toe-cap, outside back-strip, watertight tongue, extra large eyelets, strong English leather soles with steel slug toe and joint, good square heel with quarter tip.

Cash with order

30/-

No. 180.

Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 (Size 8 1s. extra). Each size made in three different widths, No. 4 (medium), No. 5 (wide), No. 6 (extra wide).

Write for 104-page Catalogue.

The Maximum Shoe Co.
(Limited). Dept. 70,
Maximum Works, NORTHAMPTON.

RICH RUGS.

Write for a post free batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesby's Rich Rugs. Broad variety of patterns. Good for general wear and suitable also for use with Cork Lino. Mention "John Bull."

CATESBYS,
(Dept 19) Tottenham Court Rd. London, W.1.

CATESBYS LINO

The best war time and all time floor covering. Its durability saves money, and women are saved from drudgery because it needs no scrubbing. Patterns and prices free if you write to

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept 19) Tottenham Court Rd. London W.1.

SAVES THE WIFE

MOTOR TUITION
THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING LTD.
gives the
Highest Standard of Training in
DRIVING, MECHANISM,
and
REPAIRS
for the Lowest Fees in England.

Call or write for full particulars:
The British School of Motoring,
Coventry House, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, W.

NERVES WEAK?

Are you feeling the severe strain of present conditions? Your efficiency and happiness depends on health. My FREE BOOK shows how lassitude, depression, nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured under guarantee. Enclose 2 stamps. Mention ailment.

THOMAS INCH, 28B, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 638. **Week ending Saturday, August 24th, 1918.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Uncontrollable!

Certain statements have recently appeared in the Press to the effect that a political and financial group has secured a "controlling interest" in this journal. There is not an atom of foundation for these reports. We remain, and shall continue to remain, independent of all political parties—and aloof from all personal interests.

Our Price.

By the way, we were recently rung up by the Ministry of Information and asked our fee "to come and talk to the Canadian editors." For our reply, we beg to refer you to Lord Beaverbrook.

The Prince of Wales.

Rumour is again busy with regard to the forthcoming engagement of the Prince. If we were a Society journal, we would tell you an interesting story.

The General Election.

We understand that Mr. Lloyd George is "taking seconds" about an early election. He is meeting with considerable difficulty in getting together the members of a new Party—none of the existing groups being prepared to hand its conscience over to his keeping.

The Right Candidates.

By the way, we have received a request from a large number of the boys at the Front to advise them which candidates to vote for when the election comes. Right!

The Editor and Parliament.

A reader begs us not to return to Parliament. We are now, he says, "the representative of the largest constituency in the world, and therefore able to force the hand of the Government," whereas, in the House, we should be "thwarted at every turn." But we shouldn't turn.

Congrats. to Cadbury.

We don't often have the opportunity of throwing bouquets at the Cadburys, but we desire to raise our hat to the Flight Lieutenant of that family, who has just brought down his second Zepp. We drink his health—but *not* in cocoa.

Healthy Harrogate.

We have been doing the cure—and once more enjoying the spectacle of seeing Mr. Justice Astbury struggling with the sulphur water! It is a wonderful place—and if only some big syndicate would take it in hand, it could be made the finest health resort in the world.

Coal Rationing.

Why this nonsense? If the miners will only only do their best, there is coal for all.

The Dresdner Bank.

May we inquire what has become of the late manager, Mr. Ellert? Still busy in the City?

Pampering Ireland.

We wonder whether the traitor Dowling would have had his death sentence commuted if he hadn't been an Irishman! Happy Ireland!

The *Warrilda*.

Is it a fact, apropos of the torpedoing of this vessel, that she was the first hospital ship for months which had no German prisoners or wounded on board—*and was she under escort?*

Beating the Hun.

We were delighted to see that our old horse, Menlo, in winning a race in Ireland the other day, beat a horse called The Hun. By the way, they *do* seem to do as they like, over there, about racing and everything else—don't they?

Lord Reading's Return.

People are wondering as to the reason of that sudden return to London of the Lord Chief Justice—and asking whether it was to see the Premier, or his brother, Mr. Godfrey Isaacs.

Clubs and Aliens.

A member of the New University Club sends us a letter from the Secretary stating that the Committee do not see their way to pass a resolution excluding all alien enemies from election. He is therefore tendering his resignation. Other members, please copy.

Sandhurst's Slip.

When politicians whitewash their friends, they should be sure of their facts. For instance, in defending Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Sandhurst said that "his daughters were engaged in war work of every description." But Sir Ernest had only one daughter—and she died some years ago!

Lord Milner.

In protesting his true British origin, except for the fact that he was born in Germany, had a German grandmother, and received "a partly German education," Lord Milner admits that he has "a great appreciation of the strong points of the Germans, with their patriotism, their thoroughness, and their fidelity to science." And Lord Milner is Secretary of State for War!

Sir Roderick Jones.

Has this new Knight permanently severed his connection with Reuter's, having regard to his position in the Ministry of Information as Cable and Wireless Manager—and to the fact that the Agency must be making enormous profits out of the war?

Aviation Tricks.

Some ladies who are just now bathing at St. Andrews ask us to appeal to aviators to desist from the trick of swooping down within a few feet of them. Such stunts, apart from the annoyance they cause, have already been responsible for several fatal accidents.

Baron Bruno's Car.

"Isn't it damnable?" asks a reader. "Every Wednesday, at Windsor G.W.R. station, at 5.10, you may see a magnificently-appointed car, which does about 9 miles to the gallon with two men of fighting-age appearance on it and it goes to meet Baron Bruno Schroeder." The answer is in the affirmative.

Turks—and Armenians.

It has been pointed out to us that some of the names appearing in our list of subjects of "Turkey and the Ottoman Empire," naturalised since the war, are Armenian Christians having no sympathy with the Turks. We are afraid this is one of those cases in which the innocent have to suffer for the guilty.

A Question for M.P.s.

What an awkward question it would be if every M.P. who stands again at the General Election were asked how many attendances he had made at the House since, say, the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Government! Another question might be: "Have you or any members of your family any investments in German securities?"

Impressing the Inspectors.

The wife of a soldier, engaged in a Loan Issue branch of the P.O. Savings Bank, tells us that on the occasion of a recent visit of the Military Inspectors, all the clerks were told to remain in their places "under pretence of great pressure of work"—and suggests that the Inspectors should call without previous notice. But that would never do!

An Officer's Surprise.

Writing from the Prince of Wales' Hospital for Officers, Marylebone, a Two-pipper says: "I knew you catered for Tommy and Jack, but I had no idea you were such a big force with the 'leaders' of both." And then follow figures showing that out of 600 officers in the hospital, 500 "take us in." Let's hope the converse may never come true.

A Drastic Law.

It seems a bit thick. A child 11 years old is fined £3 at Govan Police Court for pocket-picking—and the mother must pay, or go to prison for 30 days. Normally a mother may be to blame for what such a little child does. But how can a poor woman look so closely after her children in times like these?

A Real Workman.

He was a soldier, enjoying a soldier's enormous pay. He mounted a workman's car at Bute Docks, for Cardiff. Everybody paid one penny, but the soldier. He was done down for 1½d., because he "was not a workman"! These halfpennies and pennies are small affairs—to munition and other workers; but they mean a big slice off a Tommy's day's pay.

War Risks Premiums.

Many soldiers and sailors who are insured have probably not thought to pay the extra premium for War Risks when joining up. If this has been neglected, by oversight or ignorance of the necessity, the extra premium should at once be paid. A case in point is that of the widow of a man killed in action. She received from the company only about £16, amount of premiums paid, instead of the £50 she would have obtained had War Risks been attended to.

Flasky M.P.s.

Though, as the manager of a Hants hotel reminds us, he is not allowed to sell to customers a quartern of whisky in a bottle even to cure the agonising toothache of their missus, Members of Parliament are filling their flasks to heart's content in the Refreshment Room of the House of Commons. The House, it should be remembered, is part of a Royal Palace, and those who earn their bread therein by the sweat of their jaw invariably guard with zeal the privileges they deny to meaner men.

Lenin's Stable.

From the *Star*: "Whether Lenin and Trotsky were in German pay is not clear." Use your own judgment. Not so long ago the *Daily News* (same stable) by their Petrograd correspondent were backing up Lenin and Trotsky for all they were worth. Now, says the *Star*, "they have handed over, under the plea of self-determination, large provinces of Russia to the plunder and brutality of German Armies." This is what you get when you carry on war under the inspiration of cocoa. We prefer Tommy Atkins' rum ration.

Sugar-Candid.

For the boys in the top form of the Sheringham Council School the Headmaster recently set an "essay"—"My Most Interesting Paper." This is what one of the boys said about it: "My most interesting paper is John Bull, and what most interests me is Tommy's and Jack's page. It describes the trouble and cruelty which our soldiers and sailors have to put up with. John Bull, alias Horatio Bottomley, defends them and puts the facts into print and thereby makes the officer, whoever he is, look silly. When anything important happens we don't get the truth in the papers, but in John Bull we do. Of course, he sometimes makes mistakes. He has often said when the war is going to end, but each time he has proved wrong. Plenty of people have even called him a blundering liar, but he is really and truly the soldier's friend." May we never get a worse epitaph; we shall never earn a better one.

Co-op.s and Soldiers' Wives.

A gunner who has been serving in France for nearly two years complains that his wife, applying for membership of the local Co-op., was "turned down" on the ground that her husband was a soldier absent abroad. As a second instance, we learn that the Manager of another Co-op. refused to appoint a saleswoman, otherwise suitable, because she was the wife of a soldier. Queer—but there you are.

At Richmond.

Sympathy goes out to a soldier from Richmond, once a barber, now an air-mechanic. When he joined up he was obliged to close his shop, but he retained the premises. A Belgian has, however, started a similar business close to the old concern, and has actually obtained a licence to do so from the Minister of National Service. The Belgian's shop used to be a tailor's, so it seems probable two men have gone to war to make way for his business.

Plundering the Housesecker.

Any workman in the Birmingham district who itches to become a householder in a modest way, is liable to be rooked in the most immodest way. Here is an example of the cost:—"House to Let; low rent; £26; possession at once; ingoing, £50." When about two years' rent is demanded as a sweetener to begin with, it shows that landlords have a pull and are making the best of it. The Government should issue an Order making it a criminal offence to demand or pay such "key-money."

"The Queen's Wages."

Yet another complaint! A girl, compelled to report sick owing to acute eye trouble, was sent home on six weeks' leave, *without pay*. At the end of this period she was granted a further three weeks, and later an extension of five weeks. On re-examination, she was declared "unfit," and offered three months' sick leave, *still without pay*. Because she was not in a position to accept the offer, she was discharged from the Corps. She does not think this "cricket." Neither do we.

How it is Done.

The scene is an Army Clothing Depot, somewhere in the provinces. On the staff is a Viewer of certain articles, a man of lifelong experience in that line. Down from London is sent a man, entirely ignorant of the trade, to be taught and trained as Assistant Inspector. His salary is £6 weekly; the Viewer, who has to knock knowledge into him, is paid 57s. weekly. It is a topsy-turvy situation, but the six-pounder is of military age. At that salary he is an "indispensable"; at 57s., the Army could claim him. Who said "Influence"?

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

In Wilton Road, S.W., close to the S.E. railway station, was to be seen the other day a respectable-looking chap grinding a hand-organ. On the front of the organ was a notice proclaiming that he had been discharged from the Army on account of epileptic fits, and that having children to support and no pension he was reduced to this method of getting a living. His papers, it was added, could be inspected, if desired. One would think the police would quickly bring the man to book if he were a rank bad 'un or a cadging liar—indeed, in some districts they will not even allow a genuine ex-soldier to display a written appeal on an organ. If he speaks the truth, what a flagrant wrong it is!

Is She a Hunness?

A large number of readers have drawn our attention to this advt., appearing in a Hull paper:—"Widow, British through marriage, no encumbrance, small income, seeks correspondence with naturalised British gentleman." If she gets what she seeks, it is probable there will be two minds with but a single thought, two Huns that beat as one.

Sport and Danger.

We like to know that the gentlemen of the Armament School at Hillingdon Park, which is Uxbridge way, are in the enjoyment of sports fields alongside the road to Ruislip. But one of their sports is shooting at clay birds from a trap, and the gentlemen fire their guns clean across a public footpath—and that we do not like to know. We beg them to alter their arrangements, before discharging a load of small shot into the neck of one of his Majesty's liege subjects.

Who'd be a Special?

The lady who drove a Major said:—"I and the Major always laugh at Special Constables, and always think they are fools." That was when Annie Pauline Garner, A.S.C., motor driver, was stopped at Blackpool by a Police Inspector after she had ignored a Special's signal. Only the presence of mind of the driver of a second car prevented a bad smash. The Major thought the case was a reflection on him! And the driver was mulcted only in costs. And that's the way the Blackpool Bench supports the Special Constabulary.

Conchies at the "Star and Garter."

At Richmond, the old "Star and Garter" is now a hospital for disabled soldiers. In this place a number of Conchies are employed as orderlies, and the feeling among the patients—most of them cases of war paralysis—is naturally bitter. "I am sure," says an officer, "you will agree with me that it is a crying scandal that men broken for life in fighting for their country should have to rely on these objectionable creatures for the help and many intimate services rendered necessary to a totally disabled man." We do agree.

Manners of the Force.

In the middle of the night three Oldham policemen came knocking at the door of a woman whose husband has been four years in France. They forced her to open, they pushed into the house—and the poor woman, aroused from bed, was subjected to questioning and browbeating for an hour. They so frightened her that at first she could not speak, and it was all because they chose that square-head manner of searching for some possible deserter of whom she had never heard. The husband desires to meet those three policemen next time he is on leave.

Masters of Art-fulness.

J. N. Masters, Ltd., of Hope Stores, Rye, are still gulling the public. Seeing their advertisement of a book called "One Bell Yarns," a sailor reader forwarded 5s. for a copy. Masters wrote him that they had stopped selling this book, and asked him to choose any article of like value from their catalogue. He selected a pipe-lighter, marked 4s. 6d., and received a defective and trumpery cigarette-lighter—worth, perhaps, sixpence, but sold now for two shillings. As our friend does not smoke cigarettes, the lighter is useless to him. A mean trick, my Masters, to play on a gallant sailor.

Values.

Two ads. from the *Times*: "Clerk wanted at once in the Secretary's office of a London hospital. Salary, £2 a week. Discharged officer or man preferred." . . . "A Billiard Marker wanted. Wages £3. 3s., plus 18s. war wage. Holidays, half-day each week, one week per annum, and four Bank Holidays." Now we know what to do with our sons!

Copying Home Fashions.

India is copying our bad example by pampering Hun prisoners. In the plains, sick British soldiers are sweating in the heat; women and children find it difficult to get away to the hills, because the accommodation is given to Germans. At the pretty hill station of Yercand, Lake View House is run by the Y.M.C.A. for them, and they are kept amused with books, games, piano, and cinema. One of the rooms is declared to contain a portrait of the Kaiser, draped with the German colours!

Nearly Starving.

Barring the boys in business at the Front at 1s. 6d. a day, nearly everybody is earning so much that one seldom hears of people starving. But what of a man of Preston Wynne, Hereford? "I have been suffering from tuberculosis for nearly four years, and receiving 5s. a week disablement benefit from the National Insurance. This is all for two of us. I am 64, and nearly starving." It is certainly inhumane for the Government to starve old consumptives to death for "lack of funds." It is also a mean get-out.

A Knowledge of China.

For purely patriotic reasons, an Englishman, who had been a Traffic Inspector on the Chinese Imperial Railways, came home to offer his services. Being a Chinese scholar, knowing all the ropes in that still mysterious land, and personally acquainted with many of its dignitaries, he thought he could be useful in some capacity in connection with China. But they made him full private in the A.S.C.!

Aeroplanic.

"Manager, disengaged shortly, desires similar position; can provide entire staff, clerks, buyer, foreman, and could influence large number of men." This from the *Aeroplane*. Said manager must be the proprietor of a travelling circus. What is extraordinary is that he should be travelling around loose. Has the Ministry of Munitions lost him, or is he an anti-"embargo" merchant whose patriotism is spelt in parasitic profits? Will he tell us?

The Long Arm of—the Press.

Last month, under the heading "A Pampered Shirker," we drew the attention of the authorities to one Eugene Cecil Beman, a Conscientious Objector, the author of a nauseous pacifist pamphlet. Although of military age, he had managed to dodge the Army by pleading that he was doing "work of national importance." It is interesting to read that at Watford Police Court, Beman, brought up as an absentee, has been fined 40s., and handed over to an escort. He asked whether the cause of his arrest was the article in JOHN BULL. We hope so.

Irish M.P.'s Permits.

The Irish Members do not like having to obtain Permits to travel backwards and forwards. Don't they see, however, that in the event of the boat being attacked by a submarine, the production of their Permits, showing who they were, would secure their immunity from all harm at the hands of the Huns?

Hard to Believe.

Is it a fact that at a certain military hospital a "conchie" is allowed visitors at irregular hours, while a wounded Australian is denied a similar privilege—though the would-be visitors are invalided soldiers, shortly returning to Australia, who cannot get away from camp until the visiting hours are over? In spite of all the follies of the authorities this seems too beastly to be true. Yet that is our information.

Magistrates and Huns.

There are some Britons who still favour the Huns. On Tuesday, August 6th, a Mons hero was fined £5 by the Kingsbridge (Devon) Bench of Magistrates for having knocked down a German prisoner, who first hissed at the Mons ribbon he was wearing and then struck him with a stick. Technically, doubtless, he broke the law by "impeding" the prisoners' guard in the progress from work to camp, but the fine was a monstrous one for the offence. Since the law, which protected the Hun, will hardly protect us if we strike the Kingsbridge Magistrates with a stick, we shall at least hiss at them, and we hope all their neighbours will do likewise.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., President, Board of Agriculture.

DEAR AGRICOLA,—Apropos of that Special Committee of yours, appointed to investigate the present alleged epidemic disease among bees, has it struck you to suggest to them that it may be neither a disease nor an epidemic, but that they may have been poisoned by the hundreds of thousands of farmers, allotment holders, and fruit growers who, on the advice of your Department, have been spraying in holy zeal trees and plants with oceans of deadly fungicides and insecticides? However, if you have satisfied yourself that the bee has measles or flu, or even housemaid's knee, I shall bow to your superior knowledge. JOHN BULL.

To H. Bramer, Esq., Secretary, War Savings Committee, Atherstone, Warwick.

DEAR SIR,—You do notable service for the Local War Savings Committee, so that you are heartily congratulated by the Controller on your success. But, because you give your private opinion to a restaurant keeper on whether ham may or may not be sold without coupon, you are fined £2 including costs. The fact that at the same Atherstone Petty Sessions cases of real profiteering meet with nominal fines makes the business much blacker. Never mind, sir! Atherstone will know how to judge between you and the Bench.

JOHN BULL.

To Charles Gulliver, Esq., The Palladium, W.

DEAR MANAGER,—Complaints come to me that, at some of your halls, patrons of pit stalls are permitted to overflow into the pit when the pit stalls are full. This may be a paying arrangement, but it is hard lines on genuine pit patrons. Mothers and fathers, with a child or two, after long, patient waiting, do not deserve to be told, "Standing Room Only!" just because your local representative has filled up the seats that should be theirs. I am sure you cannot be aware of this system. JOHN BULL.

To Robert Harcourt, Esq., M.P., Member, Committee on Luxury Taxation, Montrose, N.B.

DEAR BOB,—The appointment of the Select Committee may, as you say, have signified the wish of the Chancellor of the Exchequer "to enunciate to enfranchised women that the proper criteria of Imperial taxation are cotton combinations at 15s. or pure wool knickers at 17s. 6d.," but what I am concerned about is the state of the horny-handed son of toil who has very little money. You can take it from me that he will see anybody else's missus pay Luxury Tax on her five-guinea pale blue pyjamas and her three-guinea baby-pink pongee blouse without a tear. Hands off his fifty-bob suit and twenty-six bob standard boots, and all will be well. Tax 'em as a luxury, and he will either return to the suit and boots he was born in, or raise such a commotion that the Chancellor won't be able to see the tax for dust.

JOHN BULL.

To H. M. Kerslake, Esq., Chief Constable, Southend-on-Sea.

SIR,—I direct your attention to a woman called Mrs. Castell, letting apartments at 67, Pleasant Road, Southend. The road may be pleasant enough; the woman certainly isn't. Her game seems to be to let a bed in an empty room for a certain number of nights and demand the money in advance. When the hirer returns to the house, the bedstead and bedding have been removed and two dirty mattresses dumped on the floor instead. On explanation being demanded from the woman, she asserts that a family has unexpectedly arrived and the hirer must make the best of things as they are. If he submits, it is presently to find that another man has been allocated to one of the mattresses. This sort of barefaced swindling by landladies does no good to Southend. You can either clear her out or run her in; at least you can if those she has defrauded will take a hand. See to it as soon as you can, will you?

JOHN BULL.

To Harold Warren Coleman, Esq., Shermanbury Place Horsham.

BRAVE GENTLEMAN,—You may think yourself lucky to get off with a fine of £1 and costs for that brutal and unprovoked assault upon your ex-soldier employee Bennick. I wonder what the Chairman of the Bench wanted to say little about the case or the defence. And I wonder why you took pains to have mentioned that you were a member of one of the London Borough Councils and one of the largest food producers in the South of London? You're a precious party!

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Parsons, Chairman of Magistrates, Bristol.

SIR,—The Bench under your chairmanship comes near as a touch to iniquity in inflicting on sixteen-year-old Tucker a fine of £5 for missing his ship. The lad was ordered to join the vessel at 6 a.m. He arrived there in time, only to find she had left her berth at 5.20 a.m. Having done his best to locate the ship he went home, for indeed that is all he could do. The boy has been doing his best on the blue for two years and eight months, to punish him so severely for an involuntary offence reflects no credit at all on your sense of magistracy. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edgar Saunders, General Manager, Central Control Board, Carlisle.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Under-Secretary Kellaway has stated he "understands" that you resigned your appointment as Clerk to the Liverpool Licensing Justices in order to devote your services to the noble cause of experimental Prohibition—at £2,200 a year. As it is the official religion of an Under-Secretary to understand what he wants to, I am a little sceptical. Like the Tennysonian brook, a Clerk to Justices goes on for ever, there or thereabouts; the General Manager of the Carlisle bunk will disappear as soon as the situation enables sensible men to get rid of it. JOHN BULL.

MR. HUGHES AND THE MERTONS.

EGREGIOUS PRO-GERMAN POLITICIANS AND THE METAL "OCTOPUS."

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

IF the miserable Party politician has his way, things won't be a bit different after the war. They will mean just the same shameful denial of the rights of British men, just the same old scramble for political power at the expense of the best interests of the Empire. And, what is more, unless we keep a watchful eye on Whitehall and Downing Street, on all those departments in which lurk Hun influence and enemy favouritism, we shall once more see Germany grabbing our trade and filching money from British pockets to remake the Prussian Army and build more ships for the Fleet of the All-Highest. Only the other day Sir G. Cave, in one of those false and fatuous speeches of his on the Naturalisation Bill, had the effrontery to say that we wanted all the citizens we could get—by naturalisation as well as by birth, that is what he meant. My answer is that this old country of ours, where, before the war, there were thousands verging on the poverty line because once flourishing industries were starved out by German dumping, won't stand any more Germans turned British. We can breed from honest English blood the citizens we need.

What is more, we don't intend to allow the Germans to come here at all if we can help it. We are promised no more naturalisations for five years. Why, that is just the qualifying period for the unspeakable Hun! After the war, if the Cryes and the cravens have their way, we should be flooded with the German scum, and then at the end of the five years they could all become real "Bredish" citizens. It won't do. And it won't do for the miserable Party politician to try to discredit every man who is out for Britain and the Empire. What are they seeking to do with Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier?—to muzzle him by passing insulting resolutions against his vigorous pronouncements in favour of the British Empire for the British. Why, if the British Government—that is, Radical, Unionist, Labour, the whole Coalition bunch—had shown half or a quarter of the grit or determination Mr. Hughes has shown, the Germans would have been hounded out of commerce, finance and Society on the first shock of war.

Do you think Mr. Hughes is now winding up enemy banks and businesses in Australia? He did that years ago. He realised when war broke out that the great zinc and spelter output of the Dominions was in the hands of the enemy. And what is more, the good metal of our great Dominions was being used to kill the sons of the Dominions. Just think of it. Australia's mineral wealth was taken by the Germans to fashion into bullets for the killing of our own gallant men. Well, when Mr. Hughes saw what was going on, he stood no nonsense. He kicked them all out. And he began with Mertons, the German firm which in Australia masqueraded as British. The English branch were, as Mr. Hughes reminds us, long after the war broke out, still metal brokers to the British Admiralty. No wonder Mr. Hughes was shocked and surprised when he returned to England to find, after all our experience of the peaceful penetration and deliberate war designs of the German Metalgesellschaft, the English branch of the firm still exists here. When I was Editor of the *Globe* and denounced the metal octopus, an action for libel was threatened, a writ claiming £100,000 damages was issued. But those who instituted it—an Englishman, or, rather, a Scotsman, was the prime mover—dared not go on with it. Then the Government attacked Mertons through the Attorney-General, who, in successfully resisting an impudent claim over a confiscated cargo, gave the whole story of the tentacles of the metal octopus. Yet to-day, according to Mr. Hughes, the English tentacle is allowed to live. Listen to his indignation:—

> Before we can build up we must destroy. We must dig, drag, or sweep out German influences. It is a little disconcerting to know that after four years of war firms like Merton and Co. are still here in this citadel of Empire. Merton, an English name covering a man of German origin! Merton and Co.—the English branch—the blood brother—of the German Metalgesellschaft! It is a tentacle of that great German industrial octopus which held the world in its grip before the war."
>
> The foundations of Australian industry and finance after this war will be free from German influence. *But unless Britain pursues the same policy we shall soon become infected again.* And this applies to the Dominions generally, and, indeed, to the Empire. If the heart is affected, how can the limbs of the Imperial body remain clear?

That is the spirit of a patriot and a statesman—a man who loves the Empire and hates the Hun with an enduring, bitter hatred. And although it appears a writ has been issued, the stalwart Dominion statesman has repeated his statements in a scalding speech at the Mansion House in the City of London. Mere threats (for the simple issue of a writ amounts to little else) cannot silence him, nor should they silence any honest journal. Of course, Mr. Hughes is attacked by the *Daily News*, the paper which urged us to keep out of the war, to play traitor to our Allies, and so, by standing apart from the quarrel, be able to steal the trade of the belligerents. Naturally, the whole gang of pro-German politicians are barking at his heels. But if I know my countrymen, the old games of the old gang will be played in vain. We are out to crush the Hun and to rescue from his dirty grasp all the trade and commerce of the Empire he stole from us before the war!

STORY OF A PAY-SHEET.

EXPLOITING APPRENTICE TO DIDDLE GOVERNMENT.

There is room for inquiry by the Food Production Department in connection with its unit at Shoreham. The Contractor there was for some time a Mr. Holloway, a local engineer, one of whose duties was to repair and maintain one dozen tractors in his charge, being under agreement to keep two mechanics wholly employed on them—his salary being fixed on a scale that included their wages. But he employed an "apprentice," without indentures, to whom he paid but 8s. a week, latterly increased to 10s. This lad, not yet 18, seems to have been driver and repairer. Holloway, instead of classing him as one of the mechanics he was bound to keep, and whose wage would have been covered by the contract terms, drew a weekly salary from the Food Production Department in the lad's name, making such entries as the following:—"For week ending May 3 (with bonus), £2 9s. 2d.; May 10, £1 19s.; May 17, £1 16s. 6d.; May 24, £2; May 31, £2 6s. 4d.; June 7, £1 10s.; June 14, £1 16s." Actually, Holloway should not have drawn one penny on this account, because "mechanic's" wages were included in the terms of his contract. When the irregularity was pointed out to the Pay-clerk, he at once ceased to give any further "wages" of the kind. But, while the process continued, it is estimated that Holloway received not less than £100. There was an inquiry of a curious kind held locally, to consider the matter—but we have only to say that it took place at Holloway's private house to indicate its negligible value. Holloway has resigned, or otherwise quitted the services of the Food Production Department at Shoreham, but we cannot think the matter should be allowed to rest there.

GOOD LAD BADLY TREATED.

DEPLORABLE POLICE BUNGLE AT CROMER.

The police at Cromer have a bad way of handling affairs. They arrested a boy of 14 for housebreaking, and proved him guilty. But the young scamp said he had been aided by another boy—a lad of 16, named Loveday—really as innocent as a new-born baby. Loveday had been working in canteens; at Sheringham the canteen was closed and the lady-Superintendent sent him to a lodging-house to sleep. On two nights there he saw Thurlow, the real thief, but had nothing whatever to do with him. On his way home to Homershill, the police arrested him at the railway station. That was on a Friday. They carried him to Norwich, and thence to Cromer, on Monday, when he was charged. By accident the boy's father, a soldier, was able to journey to Cromer, but he never expected his son would be charged, because Thurlow had retracted his statement and the police knew that Loveday was not guilty. Of course he was discharged, and one Magistrate had the decency to ask the police, "Did they take him back home?"—nearly 10 miles away. "Oh, no, sir," replied the Superintendent, as though it were a matter of course to drag inoffensive lads over the country, keep them locked up for days, and then turn them, stranded, on the high road. Fortunately a good-hearted stranger, thinking it iniquitous to so treat the boy, handed his father £1 for railway fares, and to him we offer our thanks and the father's. Young Loveday was unjustly arrested, stupidly charged, and scurvily treated. The effect might have been disastrous, and no mere dismissal of a wrong accusation can compensate a lad of stainless character for the indignity and distress unwarrantably imposed on him.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE DOGS.

CALLOUS LETTER FROM A BRAZEN OFFENDER.

We are old acquaintances of Mr. Robert Harold Jaques, of Easby House, Richmond, Yorks. First we had to comment on the fact that this precious County Magistrate tried to eject from her cottage the wife of a wounded soldier. Then we dealt with a case arising out of the murder of a cat by his two ferocious dogs, Jaques being present. At last police-court proceedings have been taken, and Jaques was ordered to keep his brutes under control. Three cases were cited—one of a lady who said she had been knocked off her bicycle; one of a man working about the place, who narrowly escaped an attack; one of a local confectioner, who said he had been bitten. Two housemaids employed by Jaques endeavoured to minimise the evidence of the lady. The evidence of the confectioner was uncontrovertible. For there was his wounded leg. This the admirable Jaques saw when the outrage had just happened; and he coolly advised the sufferer to get the wound dressed and debit him with the amount. But even this does not mark the man so well as a letter he has addressed to us, in the following terms: "As you seem so fond of me—and my dogs—I recommend you to purchase to-day's edition of the *Darlington and Stockton Times*—where you will find a long account of police-court proceedings of their prowess in biting and tearing people to pieces! It'll make good copy for your paper!" You can see this man, so sure of his position and of his immunity from personal punishment, chuckling as he wrote those brutal lines. What does he care for fines? He is well to do. What does he care for Police Court Orders? He is a County Magistrate. Nevertheless, we hope the Richmond Bench will take measures to see that their order is carried out.

THE TERRIBLE TWINS.

A Double Trouble.

A DARK OUTLOOK.

UNANSWERED QUESTION OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Our question as to what is happening to the Prince of Wales' Fund induces a soldier's wife to tell us of her troubles and struggles. "My dear husband," so she assures us, "has been on active service since the start of the war. When he joined up we had a nice villa in the suburbs and let furnished apartments. When my lodgers had also to go I wrote to the Civil Liabilities people, but they were not civil enough to reply. I went out to work early and late to keep going, as I wanted my man to come back and find home as he left it. For 12 months I struggled hard to pay the rent, £30 a year, and rates and taxes; then my strength gave out and I was compelled to sell half my home and store the other half and move into one room. Since then my health has been so bad that I have been unable to follow any employment. I have been attending the Great Northern Hospital. The doctor said I was in need of extra nourishment and change of air. I went to the Sailors' and Soldiers' Families Association, and they advised me to go to the Charity Organisation. But I do not want charity; I merely ask for justice; and surely those whose husbands joined up at the onset deserve more help than those who have only just joined. I hear of wives getting compensation and rent paid, besides other help. I have not had a penny of help from anywhere.

"After I have paid rent, storage and insurance, I have 8s. 2d. a week for food and clothing, to keep home going generally. If I were young and strong I would not complain, but I am 45. I suppose the Prince of Wales' Fund is used to add large sums to the already well-paid officials. In four years of war my husband has been through untold horrors for a miserable shilling, lately eighteenpence, a day; gassed and torn and poisoned and injured in his precious sight—and for all that he has sacrificed and his lonely wife behind has endured, what have we to look forward to together?" That is a question which is being asked by many thousands of soldiers' wives enduring bravely but without complaining through the struggle to-day. It is obviously one not yet answered by the Prince of Wales' Fund.

CONSCIENCELESS AND CALLOUS.

HOW SOME COMMANDING OFFICERS TREAT TOMMY.

Some time ago a good deal was heard of the soullessness of the War Office. If recent newspaper revelations are typical of the treatment of men of the rank and file, then all we can say is that they display a cruel callousness and a refined brutality which might well engage the reforming attention of the War Secretary. In two cases death was involved, but we are ready to admit the measure of responsibility differs. Take the first: The mother of a young Birmingham soldier who joined the Army when he was sixteen, fought and was gassed, was lying sick unto death. Her great wish was to see her beloved son, and the husband went to the lad's commanding officer. But there was stony silence. A wire brought no better result, and so great was the suspense and anxiety suffered by the mother that her mind became unhinged—and, still desiring a sight of her son, she passed away.

Now that is a cruel case, and one which demands inquiry by the War Office. But the second one is far worse. According to the evidence at the inquest, Sergeant George Bridge, of the South Wales Borderers, aged 31, who died by his own hand, was worried to his death by the treatment he received. His comrades testified to the fact that he was "the most popular man in the battalion," and was regarded as a competent non-commissioned officer, yet he was reduced from Company Sergeant-Major to Sergeant without any actual charge preferred against him and without having a chance to defend himself. As far as we can gather, the C.O., Lt.-Col. S. G. Guy, was most unpopular with the men, and was "booed" by a draft going off at the station. From that time the Colonel "seemed to have a 'down' on Bridge," and sworn testimony was offered as to the Colonel's harsh treatment of the unfortunate man on parade. The end of it all was that Bridge shot himself with a revolver. In his last letter he wrote: "Of course this way cannot do myself any good, but it can do a good turn, I hope, for all those left behind me in camp." We trust this unhappy end to a full and promising life will not have been in vain, and that the Army Council will at once institute a sworn inquiry into the conduct of Lieut.-Col. Guy.

THE WICKED WASTERS.

MAMMOTH ENVELOPES FOR SLIM CIRCULARS.

The Paper Controller had better have a few words with the Coal Controller. We have before us an envelope, almost fit for a suit case, printed with the name and address of the Local Coal Overseer, Kingston-on-Thames. This envelope measures no less than 14 inches by 9 inches; it is of first-class, tough paper, and its weight is three-quarters of an ounce. Apparently this gigantic covering is meant to contain only a couple of flimsy circulars and a postcard. As it is printed with the name of a gentleman only recently appointed, it is nothing but a flouting of the Order against misuse of paper. A large number of such envelopes must have been issued in the name of the Coal Overseer at Kingston; if every other Coal Overseer has been similarly supplied, the matter is a thousand-fold worse. At least it is a shameful waste; at most a national scandal.

LEST WE FORGET!

THE HORRORS WE ARE TOO PROPER TO BE TOLD.

A correspondent sends us a cutting from a newspaper published in the Malay States, and asks if the facts stated can possibly be true. We can assure him that they are. Miss Ash, an American lady working with the Red Cross in France, and now at Evain, was not going beyond her book when she wrote the following lines: "Among the 1,800 (girls) for whom it is our duty to care, there are more than 900, all under 15 years of age, who are mothers, or who are on the eve of becoming mothers. And all—yes, all—are infected with syphilis. About 400 girls, at the highest estimate 10 years old, have been violated by the Boche, and there is not one among them who has not been infected in this awful manner." It is the tale of all the desolated districts of France and Belgium, as of every other country where the Hun soldiery has set its beastly hoof. Our correspondent remarks that "we hear little of such awful cases," and wonders why. God knows! Is it not well that we should know what the Boche would do if he invaded England? Is it not well that we should know what sort of men are those German prisoners we allow to mix in practical freedom with *our daughters* at work on the land?

WHO WERE THE REAL CRIMINALS?

JEWELS EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A BOB FOR BREAD.

Frederick Rogers, of Anerley, is a man of good education, else he would not have been employed as a bookkeeper by a firm such as Messrs. Asprey and Co., Ltd., of Bond Street: he "holds an excellent record," else he would not have been allowed to act as one of the cashiers of those eminent jewellers. Frederick is 41 years of age, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he has fulfilled the duties of citizenship by getting married, and having children—no fewer than eight of them—to whom he was a good father. What *is* surprising is that for his responsible work Messrs. Asprey paid him £2 15s. a week. Our readers will be prepared to hear that he robbed the firm—of about £50 in nine months. A good many of them will marvel at Frederick's restraint, for even the extra £1 or so a week which he thus clandestinely received brought his miserable wage to not more than £1 17s. per week in pre-war purchasing power—less than 4s. per week a head of the family. Frederick is now doing four months' hard. A reader has sent £6, which he collected in a railway carriage immediately following the perusal of the account of the case in his morning paper. We have been glad to act as almoner. Mrs. Rogers has received many sympathetic letters, one expressing the view that her husband "had not stolen the money; he took what he ought to have had for his children." We are not sure that we disagree.

LEVERTON HAR

Minister's Silly Sister—An Amazing Lette—

By THE

WE had hoped to have done with the Leverton Harris case, but a letter from his sister, written to one of our readers in reply to a communication from him on the subject of our recent articles, compels us to return to the matter. Evidently mistaking her correspondent for somebody who had stayed at her country home, Lye Green House, Withyham, Sussex, the lady says:—

> I am very glad that you stayed with me here in the Autumn, partly for the pleasure it was to me at the time, and partly because it gives me the chance of answering your letter to my brother Leverton, which I happened to read among a large number of others (most of them, I am glad to say, from loyal friends on both sides of the House) to-day at his house. I am sure that had you known more about him—still more had you known him and my sister-in-law personally—you would not so readily have believed the lies by which an unscrupulous political campaign is being furthered at their expense.

I pause here just to observe that, so far as I am concerned, there is no "political campaign"—either scrupulous or unscrupulous—of which I have any knowledge. But let the lady continue her story:—

> To show you first the *kind of man* he is, I should like to tell you that he has twice refused a baronetcy offered him for his services in connection with the war. He worked for nearly four years in the Admiralty and Ministry of Blockade without any remuneration of any sort and to do this he gave up an income of several thousands a year. This work, about 14 hours a day, for the first two years of the war, has very nearly ruined his health and his eyesight. Do you think this is the *kind of man* who tries to make a few extra hundreds for a firm (of which he had resigned his directorship), by trying to get their cables through a few hours sooner than the ordinary rate, a privilege which *was* held by other shipping firms acting for the Government, whatever some of the papers may say? And in this connection let me say that he did not become a Minister till 1917—long after this cable incident had occurred—and had since severed his connection with the firm. He does not now even hold any shares in it. I have myself seen the correspondence referred to, and can endorse my brother's statement that he merely forwarded the application to the Cable Censor as you might forward a letter from me to Mr. ——— for his judgment and decision—referring him to the Board of Trade if he wanted any further information on the subject.

Whether a baronetcy was twice offered and twice refused by Leverton Harris I don't know, and don't care. What virtue there is in a rich man doing war work for nothing I will leave to Miss Muriel Harris, but there is no virtue in pretending to serve the State without salary and then using your position to bolster up your firm. Of course, it is altogether ridiculous to suggest that Harris and Dixon would make only "a few extra hundreds" by the cabling privileges which they secured, and it is quite incorrect to say they "were acting for the Government." Every shipping firm operating in war time is, in a sense, "acting for the Government," but some of those in competition with Harris and Dixon would have willingly paid many thousands of pounds for the privilege Leverton Harris, of the Admiralty, writing on Admiralty paper, secured from the Chief Cable Censor. And remember that Mr. Harris, who was undoubtedly manœuvring to secure an advantage for Harris and Dixon over their trade rivals, was quite ready to give the assurance that the delay in their cables was "detrimental to national interests." But the Chief Censor had asked something more. Could Commander Leverton Harris give an assurance that his firm's telegrams to Spain were "mainly or largely on Government business"? "If so, Harris and Dixon would be added to the very limited number of those who now enjoy an exemption from delay on similar grounds." You will notice that this man, who was using his position in the Government for improper ends, carefully avoided answering that question. He leaves it to his sister to make the statement. Yet Miss Muriel Harris evidently intends to suggest that while her brother could use his influence to gain this great monetary advantage while he was working in the Admiralty "without any remuneration," he would not have thought of doing such a thing after he became a Minister. As to why Mr. Leverton Harris sold his shares and severed his connection with the firm—and the terms upon which he sold them—those are matters we shall be quite prepared to go into at the proper time and place. But I *do* say that Miss Muriel Harris' description of the correspondence between her dear brother and the Chief Cable Censor is a travesty of the truth. He never made any claim that the firm was employed in Government business and never urged that the delay was "detrimental to national interests" until he was asked to do so. He merely asked to be placed on the special list of "firms whose cables are allowed to go through promptly," as the 48 hours' delay in wires, "mostly relating to freight and insurance rates," made business "practically impossible." Remember, the Chief Cable Censor made the quite proper reply that "no exemptions have hitherto been made in the private interests of particular firms, and to give an exemption on these grounds would make it impossible to resist innumerable demands for similar treatment." Then follows: "If Commander Leverton Harris gives an assurance," etc.; and this Minister, whose sister asks us to believe that he "merely forwarded the application," carried through the whole business, and from beginning to end there was no direct communication between the Cable Censor and Harris and Dixon. Why should there be? Leverton Harris—Commander Leverton Harris—writing on the paper of the Admiralty war staff, *was* Harris and Dixon! And now let me quote not the least amazing and even amusing part of Sister Muriel's attempt to excuse the conduct of her brother and her sister-in-law. For sheer pro-Germanism and effrontery it would be hard to beat. Even Mrs. Leverton Harris's affection for her "half-English boy" is not more cynically daring. Read this:—

> As to being surrounded by, and acquiescing in, enemy influence, I do not think you could find any other Minister or M.P. who knows *fewer enemy subjects!* My sister-in-law visited young Plessen (who, remember, is half-English and not even a "prisoner of war") because she is a Christian, and because if we had a young nephew interned in Germany or Austria, who had been largely brought up in one of these countries, we should be unutterably grateful to any kind German or Austrian lady who had known him before the war and who was brave enough to visit him (even once a year as my sister-in-law did) and try to show him some kindness. A friend of mine working in the Prisoners' of War Bureau tells me that a considerable number of our prisoners in Germany are visited by German ladies. Perhaps you have forgotten the outcry in this country when it became known some time ago that some of these ladies had got into trouble in Germany for this? *It seems that England is incapable of applying these considerations* to herself in like circumstances. Are we to be behind Germany in this? As Lt. Canning has stated, she saw him each time under supervision, and she took him neither contraband nor letters.

A nice tribute to Britain, that, isn't it? "It seems that England is incapable of applying these considerations (*i.e.*, the humanitarian treatment of prisoners) to herself." And then the nonsense about German ladies visiting British prisoners! In the very next sentence of her letter, Miss Harris gives the thing away. "Perhaps you have forgotten the outcry in this country when it became known some time ago that some of these ladies *had got into trouble in Germany for this*"? Just so—the Kaiser allows no such sloppy nonsense. And note the sly way in which dear sister Muriel glides over those visits of Mrs. Leverton Harris to von Plessen. "As Lt. Canning has stated, she saw him each time under supervision," etc. But what about her special request, made through the Home Office, to be allowed to see him "without supervision and without restriction of time"? Come, dear, silly sister, this won't do! And now we will get on with the letter.

> I am glad to say that even the *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian*—although opposed to my brother in politics—have all endorsed the tributes paid to his work and character by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, to say nothing of the dozens of public men and women of high moral

RRIS'S DEFENCE.

The Cant of the Commons—Bravo, Northcliffe!

EDITOR.

standing who have written to him and my sister-in-law personally, and, further, have emphasised the fact that it was his direct influence which created a Ministry of Blockade—without which we should probably now be nearly starving. I am quite sure that you would not have written as you did, had you known the true facts; but, nevertheless, I cannot help saying that I am very much surprised that you as a Christian should condemn so hastily a man of whose personal character you had apparently no knowledge, save that gained from a perusal of the notoriously worse elements of the Press.

In regard to the claim that this man, who has used his Government position for personal ends, was responsible for the Ministry of Blockade, that is as silly a fable as the statement that without the blockade "we should probably now be nearly starving." What Miss Muriel Harris does not know is that the blockade was intended to starve Germany, and that but for gross incompetence and criminal leanings towards the Hun, which prevented the Navy's strangle-hold, Germany would have been starving long ago, and this pitiless, bloody war would have ended. You who have read this letter which I have quoted so fully will note the tenderness towards the German it reveals and the impertinent criticism of the spirit of England in relation to the Hun in our midst. This von Plessen, for whom Mrs. Leverton Harris claimed special visiting privileges — when is Waller of the Home Office going to speak?—is a Hun. He was on his way home to fight against us when he was caught and interned. He has himself tried to escape; he is a friend and fellow-prisoner of Baron von Nettlebladt, a notorious spy—a man as notorious as the scoundrel Laszlo, the Society painter. But why pursue the matter further? With the House of Commons as at present constituted, it is hopeless to remedy these things. We must wait till after the next election—when we hope to be in a position to focus the light of public criticism on the game of politics as at present played.

The Cant of the Commons.

Take the case of that War Charities Lottery Bill—was there ever a greater instance of cant in public life? First of all, several hundred members purposely stayed away, thus putting themselves in a position to say to either section of their constituents that they did not support or did not oppose. And this craven attitude, of course, gave the professional faddists their chance. Mustering in their full strength, they were just able, in a more than half-empty House, to defeat the Bill—by four votes! And that is called the Voice of the People! The result is that the Red Cross and other deserving institutions are deprived of sorely-needed additions to their funds—and our wounded men have to go without the comforts which the money would have provided. And all to satisfy the "consciences" of a handful of Chadbands and Stigginses and hypocrites. I use that last word deliberately. Let me give you an illustration. One of the most violent speeches against the Bill—denouncing it as mischievous and degrading and demoralising and a wicked incentive to gambling—came from a man whom, a few years ago, I was the means of saving from bankruptcy—and perhaps something worse—as the result of wild and reckless gambling on the Stock Exchange. It was a large sum, subscribed to the extent of many thousands of pounds, at my instance, by fellow-members of the House—*the balance being made up out of Party funds*. My own estate is still £5,000 the poorer over the matter. And this is the man who rolls his eyes to heaven in holy horror of "gambling"! In the same way I recall how, during the Licensing Bill debates, Sir Thomas Whittaker used to wax warm against the claims of brewers and publicans to any kind of State compensation—until one evening I produced the file of a financial paper, of which a few years previously he had been editor, and in the columns of which he had strongly recommended brewery shares as one of the soundest investments in the country. Then there was another temperance M.P.—who, I discovered, had the bulk of his capital invested in a champagne business. And there was an active Free Trader, in the soap line, I think it was—and on every packet of his goods he appealed to the public to support home products and keep out the foreigner! A pretty game, isn't it? And I well remember, one night, hearing two Front Bench men, on opposite sides, denouncing each other as a "traitor to the King," and all the rest of it—and seeing them, later on, eating and drinking and joking together in the dining-room. And don't be surprised if, at an early date, certain other revelations come to light, illustrating the corruption and unreality of the present Parliament. Surely it is to be hoped that after the next election this sort of thing will end. It was, of course, all part and parcel of the system of Sham and Make-Believe under which we lived before the war. Nothing in public life was real—it was all camouflage. If, however, after the awakening and disillusionment of the past four years, we are going back to the same old state of affairs, then verily we deserve, as a nation and an empire, to go under. To my mind, the new House of Commons ought to be a very potent factor—perhaps the most potent factor—in the great work of national and imperial reconstruction. Its work will be to build a New Britain; but I confess to grave misgiving that the Coalition fraud may again be perpetrated, and that, after the war as now, the House will become a mere recording instrument to register the wishes of a conventional, mediocre Ministry—docility and "loyalty" being again ensured by the wholesale distribution of paid offices amongst the members. It is a disquieting reflection. If, on the other hand, the "Party Truce" is to end with the dissolution of the present Parliament, and all the old hacks are to be once more trotted out of their stables, then, indeed, is there good reason to hope that, whilst they are shrieking and quarrelling over their "Cries" and nostrums and shibboleths, level-headed, independent candidates may slip in—to run the business of the country on business lines; and that is the only solution of the problem of Parliamentary decay brought about by fifty years of corruption, insincerity and inefficiency under the now fully exposed fraud of the Party system of Government.

Bravo, Northcliffe!

And now let us take heart once more, and rivet our thoughts on the gallant deeds of our boys on the various battle fronts. As I said last week, we breathe again. And we find the revived spirit of the nation well interpreted by Lord Northcliffe in his speech to the representatives of the overseas Press. The only Peace, said he, to which the Allies should agree, must be one signed in Berlin or Potsdam. That's the stuff to give 'em! No Lansdowne Lullaby—no "Peace by Negotiation"—Peace only when the enemy is vanquished. Then we will sit round a table at Berlin, with Allied troops on guard outside, and dictate the terms. And one of the first questions we shall ask must be, "What have you got to offer us in the way of recompense for all our expenditure?" I know there is a certain section of public opinion which seems to think it impossible for us to extract the cost of the war out of Germany. Don't believe it. The Westphalian mines alone are worth twice the value of the whole of the property in the British Isles. What is the matter with taking them over—allowing them just enough to keep themselves warm and just insufficient to carry on trade rivalry against the Allies. It is no use merely beating Germany; we have to break her. After a period of probation we may reconsider the question of admitting her into the League of Nations, but for many years she will have to stand outside. And let us realise that already we have such a League in the great nations ranged in brotherly alliance against the world-menace—a League that can endure after Germany is crushed, and keep her crushed. At any rate, we are in no mood at present to listen to any namby-pamby talk of compromise—and I am delighted to see such a spirit of confidence and determination on the part of Lord Northcliffe, who has not been too optimistic in the past, but who, say what you will, is to-day the most powerful man in English public life. Let Ministers inhale the same atmosphere, giving Foch *and Haig* a free hand in the field, and who shall say that the day may not be rapidly approaching when the bells of St. Paul's shall once more ring out their peal of triumph and thanksgiving?

HEARD ON THE BEACH

ENJOYING THE WAR.

1ST EXPANSIVE MOTHER (*reclining in deck chair*): 'E ought to be 'ere by now, but p'raps 'is train's late. Ernie, don't chew go too near the sea, there's a goo' boy. Annie, look arfter yer young brother, d'jeer?

2ND EXPANSIVE MOTHER: I 'ope 'Enery'll come down by the same train. 'E sed 'e would if 'e could. Look at that gal in a bathin' soot playin' about with that soljer! Disgustin', I call it!

1ST E. M.: So it is. I reckon it's 'orful the way some o' these brazen minxes exposes theirselves on the public beach. Ernie, wot did I tell yer? If you git yer new shoes wet *you'll* cop it, me boy! Annie, didn' I arsk you to look arfter yer young brother?

ANNIE: 'Ow kin I look arfter 'im w'en 'e keeps on——

1ST E. M.: Don't answer *me*, miss. Do as you're told. I carn't think wot's comin' to the gals nowadays. Jest look at thet Annie o' mine. On'y fourteen come Thursday week an' she carn't keep 'er eyes orf the soljers.

2ND E. M.: It's the incouragement they gits. These fellers in khaki are the limit. Walk about as if they was everybody. Swankers—thet's wot *I* call 'em. You don't know 'ow thankful I am my 'Enery's managed to work it orl right up to now. Ah, 'e's a cute lad is 'Enery.

1ST E. M.: Somethink like my Albert. Wot one don't know the other does, I reckon. And 'e's a good lad, Albert is. 'E oughter be 'ere by now. This wore's bin the makin' of 'im. Never lorst 'is 'ead w'en 'e took up munitions and 'is wages rose from fifteen shillin's a week to six or seven quid. 'Ow 'e manaaged to slip through the diff'rent comb-outs is a mis'try to me. It's a shore thing 'e don't take arfter 'is father.

2ND E. M.: That's wot I always ses about my 'Enery. I never did think there was much in 'im as a boy, but the way 'e riz to the occasion w'en there was a charnce of 'im bein' called up was a fair knock-out. Pity 'e don't git on better with *'is* father. They 'ad a reg'ler row w'en Jim was 'ome on 'is larst leaf. "You ain't no son o' mine," 'e ses. "You're a dirty young shirker, earnin' big money in a blinkin' funk 'ole wile yer farther's fightin' to keep you safe from 'arm." "An' not a bad judge, neether," I ses. "Some men wot are old enough to know better ain't no good fur nuthink else but fightin'. It's the public-'ouse trainin' you've 'ad," I ses. I never see my ole man so much put out. Went orf back nex' day without finishin' 'is leaf. Sed 'e was 'appier with men in the fightin' line then with monkeys at 'ome.

1ST E. M.: Arthur's jest the same about my Albert. But I told 'im 'e oughter be proud 'e'd got sich a good son, willin' to keep the 'ome fires burnin' wile 'e's away amusin' 'inself in the Army. Ernie, wot did I tell yer? If you go so close to the sea a great big fish'll pop outer the waves an' gobble you up before you kin say Jack Spratt. See if it don't. Annie, keep 'im quiet, woncher? Wotcher want to start 'im cryin' for? *There* they are! There's young Albert! Don't 'e look smart! Ain't 'is munition badge bright an' sparklin'! An' in a new suit with creases down the trousers! Don't he look a thorough gent? I'm afraid 'e'll 'ave orl the gals arfter 'im before 'e's bin down 'ere ten minutes.

2ND E. M.: 'Enery, 'ow is it you're so late? ...

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING DISPATCH" (advertisement):—
"Every patriotic man must STAND FAST AND KEEP GOING ON."

"MANITOBA FREE PRESS" (Births, Marriages and Deaths announcement):—
"Crocket—At General Hospital, July 13, TO REV. R. M. Crocket, Transcona, a SON, BOTH DOING WELL."

"WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Kitchenmaid wanted for Yorkshire; four maids WEPT."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Young man (DEAF) wishes to HEAR of any place."

PRISCILLA CRAVEN (in *Daily Mirror* serial):—
"She saw the lovelight in Donald's GREY EYES. . . . Don gave her a toast with his lips and his tender BLUE EYES."

"REYNOLDS' NEWSPAPER":—
"News wanted of PATRICK Morrison (MAIDEN NAME WARD). Anyone knowing HIS present address please communicate."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—
"Between 200 and 300 guns have been taken, including a RAILWAY RUN of heavy calibre."

"THE RAINBOW":—
"He was positive he could MILK the cows, and as for the CHICKENS, he had done THAT already."

"BRISTOL TIMES AND MIRROR":—
"Miss Edith Eatherley, the talented performer at the piano, will appear during the intervals. There is no need THEREFORE to tell my readers to book early."

There is still a large supply of MILTON. Your Chemist, your Grocer or Ironmonger can obtain it. If he says he cannot obtain it tell him our address and we will see that he is promptly supplied.

What MILTON is and does.

MILTON is new. You have nothing to-day with which to compare it. It is not a "cure-all," yet in one bottle of MILTON you obtain an article which will perform more than 50 every-day services—services for which you to-day buy a dozen or more different preparations.

MILTON does everyone of these thoroughly, reliably, quickly.

To be able to perform so many widely varying services, MILTON must, of course, be a powerful fluid. It is powerful. But (and this is perhaps its most astonishing feature) it is absolutely harmless, perfectly safe. It can be used freely, or the bottle may be left standing about without the least anxiety. For MILTON, although it is so powerful and effective, is non-poisonous; it will not burn or stain the hands or skin; it will not take fire or explode; it is clear and clean, and what little smell it has disappears almost immediately after use.

Among its many seasonable uses are—

For avoiding the danger from flies.
For mosquito and gnat bites and all irritations.
For removing stains without injury even to the most delicate fabrics.
For removing and preventing the smell of perspiration.
For use as a mouth wash, dentifrice, and nasal douche.
For curing hay fever.
For freshening the air after tobacco smoke.
For destroying bad smells.
For preserving fish, meat, poultry from becoming tainted.

This sounds almost unbelievable, but a trial very quickly convinces. And isn't it worth trying? If in one bottle you can have a safe, harmless but powerful fluid which can be of service to you in so many different ways, can you afford to be without it? It costs only a shilling to become convinced. And a bottle lasts a long time—it is economical.

Get a bottle to-day. You will be astonished at the results.

MILTON is sold in 1/- & 2/- bottles by all dealers.

The 2/- Bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/- Bottle.

Milton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 125, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1, and 64, Wellington St., Glasgow.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Why?:—The Air Ministry Weekly Order, No. 29, notifies that overseas chevrons are not to be worn with R.A.F. uniform. We should like an explanation of this silly snub to the men who have seen service.

An Unhappy Hospital:—Officer patients of the Prince of Wales' Hospital, Marylebone, complain about the serious shortage of rations, and comment on the anomaly that such a state of things should exist, having regard to the fact that as a rule about 40 per cent. of the patients buy their meals outside. When a "competent authority" inquires into this matter, we suggest that he should look into the question of the nationality of some of the members of the hospital staff.

Time and Money Wasted:—Why send special War Office Medical Boards around to examine our old crocks, while power is given to individual junior Medical Officers to alter the categories when the backs of the Board are turned? If an example of this strange procedure is needed by the War Council, they might send somebody down to Bullswater and surrounding camps.

A Church Army Grievance:—Out of philanthropic funds a large hut was erected on the Champ de Mars at Rouen, specifically for our soldiers. It is run by the Church Army—who, on more than one occasion, have turned out the legitimate users of it in order that W.A.A.C.s and others for whom it was not intended may indulge in dancing. A complaint signed by 250 Tommies was recently sent to the Commissioner of the Church Army, but while it appears the men narrowly escaped Court Martial, the grievance remains.

A Kick from Kirkee:—Our Indian mail brings us a letter of complaint from men in Kirkee on furlough from Mesopotamia. They kick against a recent Leave Order which is most unfair to them; and have something to say about the absence of sports, although sports money is collected in the camp. Another grievance is that they have to pay for the loan of books from the library. All these are matters which are worth attention.

Hardening the Crocks:—Mr. Macpherson promised in Parliament recently that men over forty would not be drilled with the younger soldiers. We would again direct his attention to the fact that in many camps throughout the country B.II. men, and others of lower category, are compelled to carry packs and do the full work of fitter troops—with, in some cases, unfortunate results. Pledges given publicly by Ministers should be sacred—but Whitehall ignores Westminster.

Our Friends in India:—We are glad to note that the Departmental and Staff Club in Bangalore is going strong. It sets an example to other clubs—and might we say regiments?—by sending a handsome cheque to our War Sufferers' Fund out of the proceeds of a recent dance. This mixture of pleasure and charity is well worth copying, and is one which we are glad to say is quite frequently adopted in the Navy, as our subscription lists show.

"JACK."

A Forgotten Hero:—A gun burst on a small monitor at the Dardanelles. The magazine below took fire, and Stoker Charles George Read descended into it, although it was choking with cordite fumes. He rescued an officer who was unconscious, and afterwards returned, and at the risk of his life smothered the fire—as a result being sent to hospital. Not a whisper has been heard concerning a decoration for this splendid hero, whom the King would be delighted to honour.

The Officer's Lady:—The crews of H.M. ships arriving at Malta are forbidden to play a gramophone while lying near the barracks, because the wife of an officer is endeavouring to learn the violin, and the operation of the talking machine puts her out. We would suggest that the officer should send his wife to England, where she could practise in peace and moreover not deprive our hard-worked men of their recreation.

Jack's Rations:—The Drifters based at Oban ask us why they should have to go out sweeping, trip after trip, without any fresh beef on board. The gunboats engaged in the same work are provided with plenty of the Britain's traditional food.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Cheap Money:—Whose money is being thrown about by the Hawick hosiery factories? With official approval, they have launched a scheme for training discharged soldiers and sailors—no wages being paid for the first four weeks; 10s. a week given from the second to the fifth month; 15s. from the sixth to the ninth; and £1 thence to the end of the year, with a bonus of 5s. a week. These men will make socks, stockings and hose, which will be sold at a profit of about 200 per cent.

Lucky Pooh-Bah!:—Mr. Parkinson, of Dewsbury, is of military age, and holds about seven different positions in the Borough. He recently applied for the post of Secretary to the local War Pensions Committee, and afterwards the National Service representative demanded his services as a soldier. The Vicar objected, as among the jobs held by Mr. Parkinson is that of Police Court Missionary, and his reverence succeeded in getting an adjournment of the case for two months. This man should be in the Army, and discharged soldiers should be performing the duties that now weigh so heavily upon him.

Among the Sinners:—The War Pensions Committee, being virtually an Army branch, should see to it that badgers are elected to positions when openings occur; but they are among the great sinners, and case after case is brought to our notice where men of military age, who have never donned uniform, are given the jobs. Even "Rebel Wexford" has sent a protest to the Minister of Pensions at the selection of a young man of military age by the County Committee there. A pile of cuttings sent us from all parts of the country shows how prevalent is this deplorable prejudice against our ex-fighting men.

Profiteering:—Badgers in H.M. Stationery Offices at Manchester and Salford complain that they are compelled to pay for the use of the canteen utensils, which are stamped "Government property." If a man takes a knife or fork out of the canteen a fee must be paid, but it is not returned when the implement is brought back. Hot water is also charged for. The Superintendent kicked against a paragraph in JOHN BULL recently, but if he does not do better than this we shall have something stronger to say. Cutlery and hot water are paid for by the Government, and should be free to the men.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

An Orphaned Family:—After two years' illness the father of a large family has died, leaving the youngest ones practically unprovided for. Two sons are in the Army, but as one of them is married there is very little assistance coming in. A doctor's bill is outstanding, and there are smaller debts.

Summoned for Rent:—Three children have been down with the measles; the mother has been ill, and there were two bills to pay for medical attendance. Added to this, a summons was issued for rent—so the need for prompt help was obvious.

Waiting for Compensation:—An ex-soldier, shortly after re-starting work, had the misfortune to poison his hand. As there is only his small pension to keep the family of four, we gave him a helping hand pending the receipt of the compensation due to him.

A Long Illness:—The wife of a Prisoner of War has for long been nursing one of her children, and has used all her savings to defray the cost of the illness. Her husband, being interned, is unable to help her, and a small debt was causing her a deal of uneasiness until she sought relief from our little Fund.

Worse than Cadgers:—During the week we have had applications from Stoke Newington, South Tottenham, and Rotherham, on fraudulent grounds. These applicants, like others, seem to think that our fund is "fair game." We are considering whether we should not prosecute. We are out with our friends to help the genuinely distressed, and are determined to administer every sixpence sent to us as the generous subscribers would wish us to do.

Further Cases:—

Soldier's wife, suffering from severe injury to a finger. Medical treatment to pay for.

Health gradually failed; off work for some time, and cannot meet expenses from Army allowance.

Naval rating in need of glasses, the cost of which he cannot defray.

Widow of victim of air raid. Unprovided for, and at present unable to work owing to nervous breakdown.

Soldier's widow cannot live and keep children on her pension, and unable to work to supplement it. Debts were outstanding.

Three children ill; one just died. Many debts accumulated.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

"Takangites," £5; "Gurkha Convalescent," £1; "Competitor," 2s.; Mrs. A. R. (Oldham), 5s.; "A Few Boys of the Naval Wireless Station, Singapore" (per A. A.), 15s.; "A Constant Reader" (Banstead), 3s.; Mrs. B. N. (Birkenhead), 1s.; Civilian Employés' One Day's Pay Fund, £5; Anonymous, 1s.; "Sailor's Wife" (Barkway), 1s.; M. B. O., 6d.; K. B. (Birkenhead), 5s.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 10s.; E. B., 6d.; D. H. (Wood Green), 3s.; "Newtownards," 3s.; "Bluestel," 5s.; J. H. B., 1s. 10d.; C. H. B., 10d.; J. B., 6d.; E. R. D. N., £1; Mrs. A. D., 10s.; "Leonie, Polly's Pet," 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; J. O. (Liverpool), 2s.; "A Regular Reader," 5s.; F. H. B. (Dartford), 1s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; V. R., 6d.; O. S. L., 10s.; L. W. (Leytonstone) 55s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; J. C. (Glasgow), 1s.; L. M. E., £1 1s.; "From the Children" 1s.; "Inasmuch," 3s.; Cpl. M. H., 10d.; W. L., 1s. 8d.; A. B., 1s.; Mrs. I. B., 1s.; F. E., 6d.; F. L. S., 6d.; H. M., 6d.; W. A. S., 6d.; "Wee Worker" (Crossgates), 6d.; W. H., 1s.; "7495's Wife," 1s. 6d.; H. R. (Durban), £3; "Excess," 10s.; S. A. (Liscard), 3s.; "Arrow," £2 2s.; "Taxi Driver 3223," 1s.; Mrs. E. (W. Hampstead), 1s. 6d.; "Waverly," 6s.; "Winner 296" (Shiel), 5s.; Mrs. H. (Lavender Hill), 2s.; E. B. (Gladstone Grove), £1 1s.; C. H. B. (S. Kensington), 2s.; C. G. F. (Addlestone), 2s. 6d.; A. J. L., 1s.; E. S. (Oldham), 2s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

A. B. (Birmingham), 5s.; L. L. B. (Stirling), 1s. 6d.; "The Girl who Loves a Soldier," 5s.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"SAPPER" (France).—"Which country before war possessed the most gold?" Would rather say which country is going to fork out most after war.

"CHIEF STEWARD" (Lough Swilly).—It was waste of paper to send the Premier's message in 1,000 envelopes. One to JOHN BULL would have been enough.

W. J. (Sheffield).—We will try to get into Parliament as soon as we can. We will stand till we sit.

W. T. (Brixton).—We certainly agree that men who have served war purposes in the mercantile marine should have a badge or chevron of some kind. They have done their bit, and done it with splendid self-sacrifice.

"SUSSEX."—"Why does not the Government put a tax on bicycles?" That's an easy one. There are so many bicyclists, and they have votes.

MISS M. (Waterford).—"I enjoy your uncovering things which are tried to be hidden." Quite so, though some things we cannot uncover.

F. E. K. (Barnham).—We placed the flowers from your garden on the shrine at St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

"SPARKS" (Naval Base).—Quite right that the Government have for the present abandoned the idea of issuing 5s. notes. They change their minds as often as they change their pyjamas.

"LOYAL" (Southsea).—"Had a cousin of mine betrayed my country and his own, I should have considered shooting good enough for him—and no flowers." The daisies might have come up all the same.

E. S. (London, W.).—A few people do "complain of the size of the ration books." A great many more complain of the size of the rations.

"M.R.C.S." (Clapham) thinks we have done the Rev. Dr. Jowett, whom he describes as a "righteous patriot," an injustice in our recent remarks. M.R.C.S. is entitled to his opinion, and if he is right we should be glad to be sorry.

"A GRATEFUL WOMAN" (Welling).—Do we ever fancy we can hear "voices on the wind"? No: but before the harvest weather set in we heard a good many remarks on the rain.

J. E. D. (Northumberland).—Glad you knew what to do with Ramsay von MacDonald's insulting appeal for assistance for the families of Conscientious Objects. He will be howling for help for the Hohenzollerns next, we suppose.

M. P. (Rawdon).—"Ships are being built faster than they are sunk." Even if true, what can replace the white-souled sons of Britain who sink with those ships?

C. B. (Aston).—Haven't time to see everybody who would like to see us. Thanks all the same.

"AN ANXIOUS FRIEND" (Birmingham).—So at Southampton there is "a female who is demoralising the men." If men are fools, such women are not scarce.

MRS. P. (Camden Town).—So he keeps 20 cats, and they come into your garden. It can't be the "Beautiful Garden of Roses" the song is about.

H. M. (Euston).—"I composed this myself." So we know whom to blame.

J. B. (Brighton).—"Kaiser's Dream" reminiscent of much. Pome to us: "Here's good luck to the Editor of honest JOHN BULL; He's the cox of the boat which the Britons all pull," etc. Oh, sir, you're a poet, we hereby declare. Lay strong on the oar and you'll find us all there.

"SCANDALOUS DELAYS."—We have had great pleasure in forwarding to the soldier's widow, whose case we dealt with under this heading, £1, received from H. E. (London).

PTE. A. R. (H.Q., France).—"Is a whippet a pedigreed dog or not?" It is a new tank. Also a pedigreed dog if it is pedigreed; if not, it may be like a war sausage—half bread.

"OVERSEAS" (Chippenham) worked his passage to England, and the only job he can get is that of driving a laundry van. And, by his own account, he isn't a wash-out either.

"ZTLUPCS KNABF" (Rottingdean).—It is the people who *don't* read JOHN BULL who are "not thought much of" and don't think much; but they are rather difficult to find.

"HUN-HATER" (St. George's, E.) thinks that in all children's history books there should be stories of the cruelty and brutality of the Huns. Carried!

THE MATRON OF ST. ELISABETH'S HOME, 1, Bessborough Street, S.W., sincerely thanks Lieut. F. H. W. (Salonica), and Anonymous Reader, for donations of £1 1s. and 3s. 6d. respectively, sent in response to our recent appeal on behalf of this broad-minded charity.

T. H. C. (Portsmouth).—"May I inquire how much longer the temporary W.O. writers are to wait for 'their increase of pay?'" You may.

T. W. (Torry).—A cruel case. If they had left him in civil employment he would probably be still living. No doubt the strain of the Army work killed him, as it has many another.

"COSMOS" (Islington).—The greatest prophet we ever heard of was Diogenes. "Bury me on my face," he said to his friends, "for in a little while the world will be upside down."

"COSMO" (Brockley, S.E.).—"What is the *reputed* religion of Germany and Austria?" Oh, various fancy faiths; but it looks very much as though they will shortly be joining the Quakers.

"STIFFY" (B.E.F.).—We are not sure whether a newly-appointed hangman is required to swear to hang any of his relatives should they come on his hands in the way of business. But we can imagine such a stipulation sometimes being an inducement.

"ONE OF THE OLD ARMY" (B.E.F.).—"I am a weekly contributor to your very valuable paper." It cannot be your weekly contributions that make it so "very valuable," for we must confess we have never yet seen them. There *are* ponies in coal mines—and plenty of asses on the surface.

D. F. A. (Portsea).—The man Mitchell, of the so-called "National Institute of Sciences"—in connection with Elmer E. Knowles, a rogue often exposed by us—was fined £100, or three months, for paper waste in advertising circulars. This particular offence was one we had specifically pointed out to the authorities.

P.C. BONNAR (9, Dixon Road, Crosshill, Glasgow).—Glad to hear that you won a "Bullets" £5 Holiday Prize just in time to defray your holiday expenses. Trust you had a good time.

"PIONEER" (Glasgow).—Somebody is "dogging your footsteps and hiding in the very bed you sleep in." Enough to make you pass the night on the tiles.

MRS. F. (Pontypridd).—"One of your cartoons was used as a pattern for my old man's 'Bomb the Kaiser' show." It pulled in nearly £200 for the Red Cross, so your old man may use another cartoon as soon as he likes.

"WATER" (London) says that the temporary clerks of the Water Board ought to have a war bonus. We shall have to start a *War Bonus Weekly*.

G. R. (Buckingham).—No time for bores and bouncers. Being single, and 41, why are you unemployed?

W. F. M. (Sevenoaks).—"What is wanted is a thorough clear-out of the Ministry of Munitions. They are the most corrupt, procrastinating, and unbusinesslike set of humbugs——" *Shush!* There's "Dora" coming.

"BRADFORDIAN" (Bradford).—"Where the Germluns make the money, For the Fatherland to save, And Bradfordians are so funny, That they cannot trace the knave." They don't try to, apparently.

"ARTIST" (Halifax).—As an artist, you ought soon to be able to distemper a wall. The lady in the picture seems to be winking at the Kaiser through her back hair.

"DAVID" (Cambuslang).—The sentence of two months on William Goodwillie, wood contractor, Stirling, for deliberately choking a little pom to death, was less than he deserved.

"ANTI-CONCHY" (London).—The prose sentiments of the Conchy are bad, but your alleged poetry is worse.

J. R. (Braunton).—"A story is current, through strange it may seem, About Kaiser Bill and a wonderful dream. It seems that one night going crazy to bed, He dreamt in a nightmare that he was quite dead——" As old as roasted chestnuts.

"THE HUMANE CARTER."—We are glad to have received the following further subscriptions for the benefit of Mr. Kattenhorn:—Q. H. V., £1 and picture; K. G. (Abbotsbury), £1; and smaller sums amounting to 7s. 6d.

"BULL DOG" (Northwich).—Please write fully, in strict confidence, with name and address.

"DISCHARGED" (Rotherham) says that in the Denaby coal mine, where he is now working, they taunt him and say a discharged soldier is no good. Better than an undischarged dodger, any day.

"READER" (Deal).—We could fill JOHN BULL with remarks from people who haven't got a war bonus. As a retired schoolmistress, you should agitate the Women Teachers' Association.

MISS E. B. (Enfield).—"Is it not a scandal that railway employees should be allowed to travel on holidays free?" The privilege is regarded as part of their wages, we believe.

"SOME OF THE BOYS" (France).—"To settle an argument, are damsons young plums?" If you start plumming us, we shall settle you instead of your argument. And damso(o)n, too.

A. S. (Walthamstow).—"Please a light job under Government, as a true friend to all Parliament." Certainly such jobs often require no other qualifications.

J. R. (Bethnal Green).—"The first time I have written you. Some publicans are not washing glasses." Drink out of the bottle.

W. (Camp, Winchester).—"Which is the longest pier in Great Britain?" When we walked the length of Southend Pier we guessed it won.

"SOLDIER'S HEART" (London).—"On behalf of our Most Gracious Majesty the King, I am writing against our common enemy." Send him victorious, happy and glorious!

"JUSTICE" (Glasgow).—We have some idea of the "hell" some British women married to Germluns "live in." They should be able to divorce themselves if they wish to.

"GRANDFATHER" (Gt. Yarmouth).—"... Simply disgraceful that so many poor and weak old men to have to go into the Army. I admit I am only 42, but one of the wash-outs." Grandfathers first; babies next.

"WOUNDED COMRADE" ("In Hospital").—Your letter does you credit. We don't think the engineers will try the game again. Their next threatened strike will be against the Hun across the water.

GUNNER H. (France).—"To settle a bet, what is a kipper and what do they call a young salmon?" A kipper is a salted herring, cut open and smoke-dried. A salmon after "spawning" is also known as a kipper. A flapper is a giddy kipper.

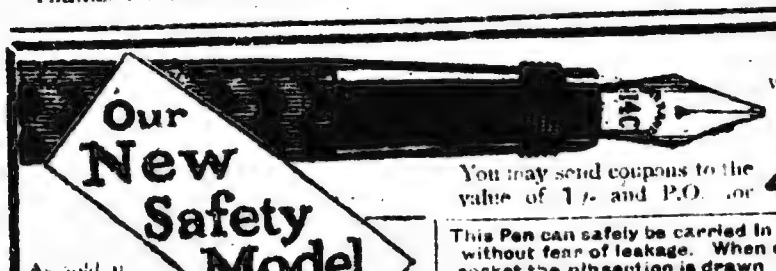
C. T. E. (Dublin).—On your description, the man (with a constantly suppurating wound) is obviously of no real use on active service.

5212 "SIG." (France).—Your appreciation is pleasant to our ears.

"SUM ROMANUS CIVIS" (Gosport).—Evidently your screeds have escaped everybody's notice. As a candidate for the w.p.b. we should think you are at the top of the pole.

MISS E. H. (Llantilio).—We will present your statement of the case, but afraid it will be like tickling the dome of St. Paul's to arouse the Dean and Chapter.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)



Our New Safety Model

As sold at 15/-

Price with 1 coupon 5/6

You may send coupons to the value of 1/- and P.O. for 4/6 By Post 1½d. extra

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nibsection is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Aug. 24th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

WATNEY, COMBE, REID AND CO.

The ordinary general meeting of Watney, Combe Reid and Co., Ltd., was held on the 12th inst. at the Charing Cross Hotel, W.C., Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said: I think, gentlemen, we may congratulate ourselves on a good balance-sheet and a fair profit and loss account, but I would ask you to bear in mind that this has been an exceptional year—exceptional owing to the fact that we have benefited by the savings placed upon us by the restrictions owing to the war; that at the commencement of the year we had the advantage of a fairly large stock of materials, bought at a much lower price than that which governs the market to-day, and that we have only experienced, so far, two months of the higher beer duty. I might mention that the beer duty in the pre-war times was 7s. 9d. a barrel, whereas to-day it is 50s. To go to the balance-sheet, on the debtor side you will find that our Debentures have been reduced, and that we have redeemed a certain amount of Preference stock—£162,000, I think, of Debenture stock, and £150,000 odd of First Preference stock. The market for the Debentures, curiously enough, has not been so free as the market for the Preference stock, and we have availed ourselves, as opportunity has presented itself, of buying up blocks of the Preference stock.

Under those conditions we felt that it was wise out of the profits of the year to add £50,000 to the special reserve created for the purpose of the redemption of our Preference stock. In past years I have alluded to the fact that we redeemed Debenture and Preference stock by our automatic reserve. That is possibly an expression which does not really convey the true meaning. I think the words, "the undivided profits of the preceding year" would be better than the words "automatic reserve," which are more or less mysterious. Our sundry creditors, you will observe, are £100,000 up. They are practically the same as last year, the increase of £100,000 being the extra amount that we owe for beer duty in the months of May and June, and a certain amount put aside for our income-tax, which becomes due in January. We owe practically nothing to trade creditors. Then, in our balance-sheet, we have made provision for deferred maintenance and contingencies. I am told that this is an absolutely new departure in balance-sheets. I think I may say that it is a very wise departure, and is amply justified by the circumstances and conditions of to-day.

CLOSING OF MORTLAKE BREWERY.

We inform you in our report that the Mortlake Brewery has been closed, and that it will require an expenditure of money to reopen it. Owing to the closing of the Mortlake Brewery our Stag Brewery has been working at its fullest capacity. You are all aware that brewing utensils have short lives, and that under war conditions and brewing to the fullest capacity we have been unable to renew. We have simply kept the brewery going by continual patching. Consequently, there will be a considerable sum required to put the Stag Brewery in the same position in which it was before the war commenced.

Do you "SOTOL"?

Your Mouth and Throat should be washed as often as your face and hands. Otherwise they become "dirty" and a menace to yourself and others. SOTOL night and morning and after meals. A perfectly delightful item in your toilet. Chemists sell 40 for 1/6; 100 for 2/9, or post free WESTERN DENTAL MFG. CO., LTD., 74, Wigmore St., London, W.1. Samples, 3d.

FITZPATRICK'S

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "ADVERTISING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY. Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52 —BURNLEY.—

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 54, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	£18,500,000	Current and Deposit Accounts	£130,762,903
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	£12,679,440	Cash in Hand, at Call, etc.	£29,481,264
PAID-UP CAPITAL	£4,594,448	Bills of Exchange	£28,389,752
RESERVE FUND	£2,500,000	Advances	£43,915,428
		Investments	£28,243,86[illegible]

Every description of British and Foreign Banking business transacted.

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE DUTIES UNDERTAKEN.

THE BANK HAS OVER 800 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

When sugar is short,

omit it entirely, or as may be necessary, in the cooking of puddings or fruit. Bird's Custard made with two good tablespoonsful of sugar, is sufficient sweetening. Serve a spoonful or two with each plateful of fruit or pudding. In this way Bird's Custard saves sugar.

When time is short

you can have a tasty meal in a moment, by making a rich creamy and delicious Bird's Custard. A spoonful served with each plate of boiled pudding, or rice, tapioca, etc., doubles the nutriment and trebles the enjoyment.

In War-time there is no better use for a pint of milk than to make Bird's Custard. A distinguished scientist testifies that this enjoyable dish adds 25% to the calorific and nutritive value of plain milk.

Bird's Nutritious Custard

DEATH
TO ALL BODY VERMIN
MOSQUITOES KILLED
SANDFLIES &c.
Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing.
Non-Greasy Stick 1/- each.
All Chemists, or post free
HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.
PARASITOX
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND PARA-SI-TOX

MATERNITY
£100 FREE WAR BOND OFFER FOR YOUR BABY
Gowns from 42/-; Skirts, 18/11; Corsets, 16/11 (Finlay's Patents. Adjustable any size). Patterns, Catalogues Layettes, Sets, etc., Post Free.
FINLAY'S, 250, Houldsworth Street (top Oldham Street), Manchester. London—47, Duke Street (facing Selfridge's), W. 1.

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF MONEY SAVING BARGAINS
FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!
WRITE TO-DAY!
You will be delighted with the amazing value in every page of H. Samuel's big
FREE BOOK of BARGAINS.
It's crowded with beautiful Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save you pounds.
Over 22 large branches throughout the Kingdom.
25/-
£8
DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS. Enormous variety fine Gems, set in Hall-mkd. Gold from 25/-
FULL MONTH'S TRIAL!
H. SAMUEL, 199, Market St. Manchester.
H. SAMUEL, LTD.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Cotton, O.B.E.

THE DANGER OF "TRUSTING TO LUCK."

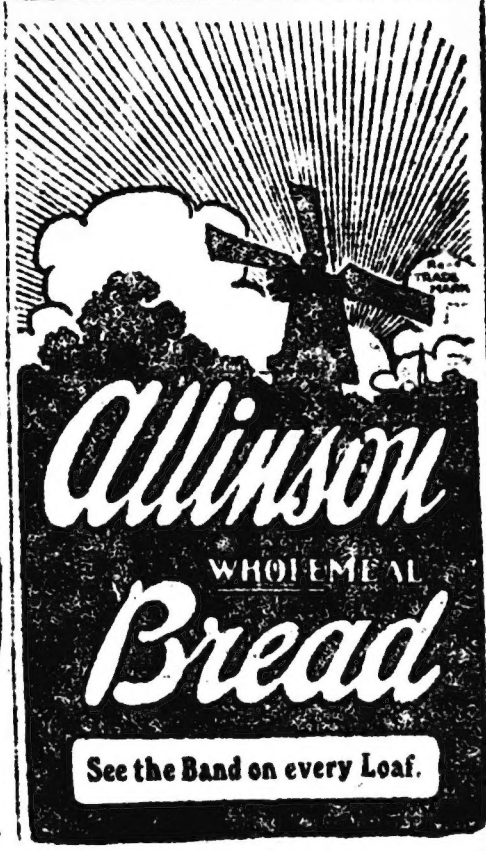
The man who trusts to luck ought to reckon the chances. Now what are the chances in the case of Venereal Diseases? The average, careless man who "trusts to luck" will put them vaguely in his mind as something like 100 to 1. He does not really recognise the risk at all; he ignores it, or defies it. But that risk can be stated in pretty exact terms. The Royal Commission has printed evidence to show that of the population in large cities, at least one-tenth is or has been infected with Venereal Disease. Evidence placed before the Royal Commission also showed that there are about 140,000 *new* cases of Venereal Disease in the British Isles every year.

THE PROPORTION OF SYPHILIS.

The man who trusts to luck often says to himself, "After all Syphilis is a very rare disease, and Gonorrhœa is not of much account." How far this Under disease accounts for years of suffering, for loathsomeness, pay even for death will be shown in a further instalment of these notes. But the man who laughs so foolishly at Gonorrhœa dreads Syphilis. If he knew that Syphilis formed, as it does, about one-sixth of all cases of Venereal Disease, he would reconsider the chances and hesitate in face of that awful risk.

All those who have taken a risk of infection should at once seek proper medical advice. Early treatment, *within a few hours if possible*, will nearly always *prevent* the disease. Those who wait at once may save themselves years of suffering and misery. Free treatment under conditions of secrecy is provided in most centres. Apply at the nearest Hospital or to the Local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.



'BULLETS' HOLIDAY PRIZES!

2ND Prize £20 | **FIRST PRIZE £200** | **3RD Prize £10**

40 PRIZES OF 10/- | 200 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES of 2/6 | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

And 20 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 Each.

☞ **Please Note that Next Week's "Bullets" First Prize will be Increased to £1,000.**

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the examples chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example:—HAUNTS THE KAISER. Bullet:—HIS FUTURE AND PAST. Example:—SWEET STUFF. Bullet:—VERY SCARCE NOW. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for Sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated September 14th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 299.

WHEN FOCH STRIKES	WHAT AUSTRIA THINKS	SWEET STUFF	BEGINNING TO TUMBLE
WITHOUT FEAR	USELESS	HUGGING A DELUSION	CARRYING ON
LICKED INTO SHAPE	A TER A BIT	ARMY ORDERS	THE WRONG WAY
TOMMY'S HOLIDAY	PRETTY BEAUTY	FAST AND LOOSE	TAKES SOME BEATING
TO BOMB BERLIN	OVERCHARGED	BAREFACED ROBBERY	POLICEMAN'S LOT
GAME TO END	NO MISTAKE	FINDING THE LADY	HER BATHING DRESS
KEEPING FIT	SPENT WITH CARE	OLD CAT	VAIN DREAM
A FAIR SELL	BEASTLY NUISANCE	HAND OVER FIST	HAUNTS THE KAISER

Closing Date, Thursday, August 29th

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(299) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 29th

No.____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(299) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed_____

Address_____

If coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 299, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 300.

AUSTRIA'S PLIGHT	MY SWEETHEART LIKES	UNPLEASANT SURPRISE	IN THE DARK
SICK AND SORRY	GERMANY'S BILL	GOOD TIME COMING	OUR GIRLS
PLAIN SPEAKING	WE ALL ENJOY	WAR SPOILS	MY WIFE WON'T
OUT FOR GLORY	LIVELY MEETING	AFTER THE WEDDING	GOOD BUSINESS
BOTTOMLEY'S FUTURE	THE TWO WILLIES	TOMMY HATES	THE KAISER'S FATE

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **300** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets," **No. 300,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for competition 299.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 298 will be published in next week's "Competitor's Journal."
Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 296th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. PERCY TODD,
46, Auckland Road, Ilford, Essex.

Example:—THANKS TO JACK.
Bullet:—ENEMY "CHANCES" VERY LITTLE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Miss D. MARRAN,
Stoney Lane, Ardee, Co. Louth, Ireland.

Example:—UGLY CUSTOMER.
Bullet:—RUSSIAN IN "UNGOVERNABLE" TEMPER.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. H. NEWTON, 19, Bold Square, Chester.

Example:—THE HUNS.
Bullet:—DON'T "SPARE" AUSTRIANS MUCH.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss STANWORTH, 1, Bennett's Hill Bukenhead: LOSING HIS TEMPER—KAISER—AND FINDING OURS.
Mr. G. B. ARCHER, 51, Vernon Rd., Leytonstone, E.: COMMON COMPLAINT—"LOST" IN GOVERNMENT OFFICE.
Co.-Sergt.-Major C. HOOLE, R.A. Gymnasium, Woolw'h: STRIKING—MEANS "RISKING." THE ARMY.
Mr. S. STANLEY, 64, Bank Street, Clayton, M'chester: GLAD TO LEARN—QUICKEST WAY BACK—GERMANS.
Mr. H. PEARNS, Bosworth Street, Measham, Ashby-de-la-Zouch: WINNING HAND—FIRM ONE IN IRELAND:
Mrs. G. WILSON, 33, Arthur St., Aberavon, S. Wales: THANKS TO JACK—"WHOLE" COUNTRY SHOWS IT.
Mr. C. GLENROSE, Theatre Royal, Guildford: GERMAN BONDS—A LAUGHING "STOCK."
74, Sergt. H. L. GRACEY, Staff C.D.D., Buxton: THE HUNS "HERE ENDETH LAST LESSON."
Mr. P. S. ARNOLD, Egerton, Alexander Road, Penn, Wolverhampton: DENSE CROWD—STONES IN WARTIME JAM?
Mr. A. BRICKLES, 26, Vincent St., Hr. Broughton, Manc'r: SEASIDE SWEETHEART—NOTHING SERIOUS" ON HAND."
Mrs. F. M. HOLLIDAY, 101, High St., Sutton, Surrey: STANDING BY—RHINE DEFENCES—ALLIES SOON.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. M. McNAUGHTON, The Ship, London Rd., Mitcham: MOST DANGEROUS TO—REPRESENT GERMANY IN RUSSIA.
Dr. B. CHARLES, 232, Albert Bridge Road, Belfast: LOSING HIS TEMPER—WITH MILITARISM, FRITZ SHORTLY.
Mr. J. JOHNSON, Shrubberies, Mulgrave Rd., Sutton: FULL OF FIGHT—LATE ARRIVAL FINDS COMPARTMENT.
Mr. R. T. ATKINSON, 126, Adelaide St., S. Shields: A JOLLY LOT—TRIBUNAL, AT APPLICANT'S EXPENSE.
Mr. E. DENHAM, "Homeleigh," Felix Rd., Easton, Bristol: WHAT FATHER FANCIES—WILLIE'S "USED UP."
Mrs. A. SIMPSON, Woodbine Ter., Brownhills, Walsall: STRIKING—HER COLOURS NEXT—AUSTRIA.
Mr. A. L. FREEMAN, 239, London Road, Croydon: KAISER'S PET AVERSION—KUHLMANN NOW—LUDENDORFF SOON.
Mr. P. ROYSTON, "Thornton," Sydney Road, London, N. A JOLLY LOT—MAKING "PROFESSION" OF PATRIOTISM.
Mrs. A. MILLS, 77, Vastern Road, Reading: THE HUNS—"COSTLY RETREAT" HERE TOO.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

August 24th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, when your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent.

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

August 24th, 1918.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is required.

1/- The MUSICAL SUBMARINE

plays any tune, and requires no learning. Fascinates players and listeners. Most successful effect in home, hall, or open air. Song accompaniments, brass band imitations, chorus playing. Try one, then send it to your boy in France. Price 1/-, postage 2d.
C. ORME, 91, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Frames, Folding Cots, Cycles, Tyres, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD
EASY TERMS

INSURE YOUR GLASSES AGAINST BREAKAGES
Send for Particulars
NATIONAL SPECTACLE AND EYEGLASS INSURANCE CO., LTD.
231, Regent St., London, W. 1
(Dept. 2.)

OSRAM LAMPS
DRAWN G.E.C. WIRE
Obtainable of all Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country) Worth	Per Mth.
£10 ...	£0 5 6
£20 ...	0 11 0
£30 ...	0 16 6
£40 ...	1 2 0
£50 ...	1 7 6
£100 ...	2 15 0
£200 ...	5 10 0
£500 ...	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

"I am glad we went there"

SHE: "I simply loved choosing all those beautiful things for our home. Who would have believed that we should have got just the very furniture that we'd set our hearts on? In War-time, too!"

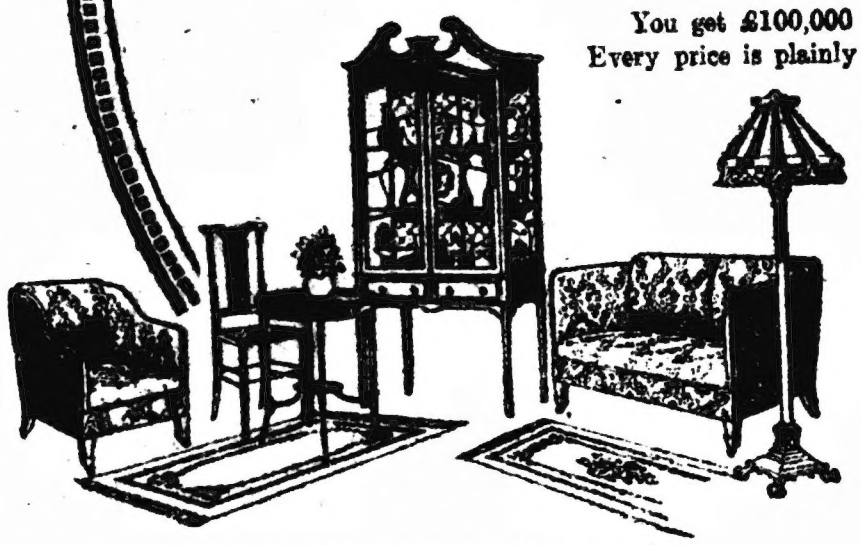
HE: "Yes, darling! And look at what we've *saved* by going to the 'Midland.' Here's the actual receipt. We might have paid double anywhere else without getting furniture of anything like the same splendid quality. It's perfectly true what people say—

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

You get £100,000 of beautifully-made furniture to select from. Every price is plainly marked—and every price a bargain. There's 2/- in the £1 discount for cash. Or if you prefer to furnish out of income, the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your convenience, without disturbing your investments. You've the added advantage of *free* Fire and Air-Raid Insurance; and not a single penny to pay for interest, for credit, or for any extras whatsoever,

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**



A CHARMING DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
designed by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

WONDERFUL MEDICINE FREE—AND WHY.

Story of a Great Discovery Whose Vitalising Powers Astonish Doctors.

FULL MONTH'S SUPPLY FOR FAIR TRIAL. NO MONEY ASKED.

Readers of JOHN BULL should take advantage without delay of our liberal offer to send a month's supply of the natural Vitaliser, "Vitæ-Ore," for free trial. Thousands have already experienced its marvellous effects—the new vital energy which it gives, its power of renewing the health and vigour of all.

SENSATIONAL BENEFIT.

The result has been to cause a real public sensation. Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary, careworn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

All who wish to share in this wonderful benefit should write at once for a month's supply.

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. The British Government recognises this by exempting it from stamp duty.

Vitæ-Ore is the residue of a natural healing spring, found in the desert by Prof. Noel, a famous geologist, and tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing.

HIGHEST MEDICAL APPROVAL.

The *Lancet*, the most important medical journal in the world, which would never give the authority of its world-famous columns to anything without the best scientific basis, publishes this statement:

"*The clinical results obtained were satisfactory.*"

Vitæ-Ore is perfectly harmless, and free from anything to cause the slightest ill-effects. A fair trial for a month is offered. Fill up the coupon at once. Do not delay. Receive the benefit NOW.

ITS WIDE SCOPE.

Dissolved in water, Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic strength through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness	Rheumatism
Debility	and all "run-
Dyspepsia	down" conditions
Neurasthenia	resulting from
Neuritis	Stomach, Liver and
Anæmia	Kidney Weakness.

It is a powerful nerve and spinal tonic. The headaches, pains in the back, and special weakness of women vanish when it is used. A man who, without having any special disease, suffers from general lack of energy, want of manly vigour and ambition, who is easily fatigued, and does not feel the aggressive strength of manhood, will derive new life from Vitæ-Ore—not by any sudden stimulation, but by a powerful tonic action which permanently benefits. Vitæ-Ore has made new men of thousands. You have a free and fair opportunity to try it for a whole month and see whether it will do the same for you. Fill up the coupon NOW.

IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.

Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited, simply write and say so and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit no pay" offer.

But Vitæ-Ore WILL do you good. It will strengthen and tone up your nerves and your whole system. Your digestion will be better, your eyes brighter, your skin and complexion clearer and younger-looking.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 20, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.

To THE THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 20, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—

I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Age.....

Address .....

.....

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full set of direct testimonial, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade announcement in our columns, we will refund the money on receipt of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL Advertisement Department, 62, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

10 for 5d.

50 for 2/0½

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P134

Kill that Fly.

Complete outfit including three pints of Lawson FLY-QUIT making three pints of spraying solution, Lawson Patent Sprayer to hold one pint, and full instructions.

Post Free 8/6

Double Size 12/-

Guaranteed effective.

20,000 babies in England die every summer through fly-borne diseases.

Get an outfit to-day.

LAWSON & CO. (BRISTOL) LTD.
ST. PHILIP'S, BRISTOL.

BEACON COATS will keep you dry always. Men's 28/-, Ladies' 25/-, Children's 10/6. Sou'wester 3/6. Long Leggings 6/—all guaranteed against blistering, leakage or climatic influence. Supplied through best outfitters. Illustrated Price List Post Free. Name and Address of Nearest Retailer from the Sole Manufacturers of "Weather Comfort" to HARBOURT, Ltd., of Beacon Buildings, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Road Signs Interpreted—No. 6. The Royal Auto. Club Danger Sign erected often in addition to the official triangle to mark SPECIALLY dangerous places, 100 yards from the dangerous spot.

"Palmer" is the Safety Sign guaranteeing freedom from punctures, ensuring DOUBLE the life of an ordinary canvas foundation tyre. Three of the several grades.

	Wired	Beaded	Tubes
STANDARD	13/-	14/3	5/9
SPECIAL	18/-	19/-	8/-
Buccaneer	9/6	10/9	4/6

PALMER CYCLE TYRES

Send a P.O. for Map Book.

C6

Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, Ltd.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.